A Glade of Flowers

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A Glade of Flowers

by GeraltRogerEricDuHauteBellegarde (ElectricRituals)

Summary

Eskel knows that Triss would delight in the field of flowers behind Kaer Morhen, Triss knows Eskel would look lovely in a flower crown.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The sun was shining brightly around them as Triss watched Eskel move deftly through the grassy meadow he had led them to. She had been pleased when the witcher had asked her to join him on a walk, the two had been growing closer during the long winter they had shared at Kaer Morhen. Spring was swiftly approaching, though, and Triss was loathing the idea of her and Eskel's parting.

"It's so beautiful up here," she said softly, letting her eyes rove over the horizon, "it's truly a view like none other." This high up in the mountains it seemed as though, if you focused just enough, you would be able to see the whole of the continent.

"It's certainly the most beautiful view I've ever seen," Eskel responded. Triss turned to look back at him, catching him staring at her. A blush spread across her cheeks, dusting a light pink underneath her freckles.

Eskel walked forward, reaching up to tug delicately at one of her brown curls, "I've travelled the continent more times than I can count and I've never encountered a view quite so mesmerizing."

Triss ducked her head bashfully, "Didn't you say you had something to show me?"

Eskel grinned, his face lighting up, "Indeed I do! Follow me." He grabbed her hand, lacing their fingers together, and tugged her forward at a brisk pace, the skirt of her dress flapping around her.

They were approaching a dense line of trees, the start of the forest that surrounded Kaer Morhen. Eskel smiled back at her over his shoulder as he pulled her through the line of trees. Darkness engulfed them quickly but it was only a few moments before the trees began to thin and light began to seep through again. It wasn't much longer before they stepped out of the trees altogether and into a small forest glade, filled with freshly blooming flowers.

Eskel let go of Triss' hand as she stepped forward into the sea of hellebore and celandine poppies, "This is the first place on the mountain that flowers start to bloom."

The break in the trees let the sun shine onto the glade and Triss shivered as it warmed her skin, "Eskel this is beautiful". And it was, almost as if somewhere straight out of a painting, the small sunlit area surrounded by trees, filled with beautiful white and yellow blossoms.

Triss felt warmth press up against her back as Eskel's arms wrapped around her, "I'm glad you like it."

"I really do. In fact, I have the perfect idea." Triss spun in Eskel's arms, smirking up at him mischievously, "I think you would look lovely in a flower crown."

"Ahh, I don't-"

"Come on!" Triss pulled away from Eskel's embrace and sat down in the middle of the glade, beckoning him to join her.

Eskel sat beside her, looking nervous.

Triss laughed at the expression on his face, “Oh, calm down, the flowers won’t hurt you.”

“I know that, I use them in potions.” Eskel responded gruffly, sounding embarrassed.

“Then you should already know how to work with them, here hold these two like this,” Triss moved his hands, positioning the flower stems, “and start weaving them like this.”

The two worked quietly, Triss helping Eskel weave new stems into the ones already there as she worked on her own. It wasn’t long before they both had finished and Triss happily placed hers atop her head. Eskel was still holding his delicately, as if he were afraid he would crush it.

“Here, let me,” Triss took the crown from him and sat it upon his head, tracing down the scarred side of his face, before settling her hand on his chest, “Just as I suspected, you look very handsome.”

“You should join me.”

Triss cocked her head to the side, “Join you?”

“This year. On my travels. I mean, you don’t have to. Or maybe just a visit? I just… would like to see you before next winter.” Eskel’s speech was nervous, rushed.

Triss smiled, “I would be honored to travel with you. I do have some obligations, but nothing that will keep me long.”

“Oh. That sounds nice.”

Triss had never seen such a bashful look on the witcher’s face and couldn’t help but reach up, placing her hand on his cheek. Staring into his eyes, she knew the next year would be wonderful.

End Notes

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